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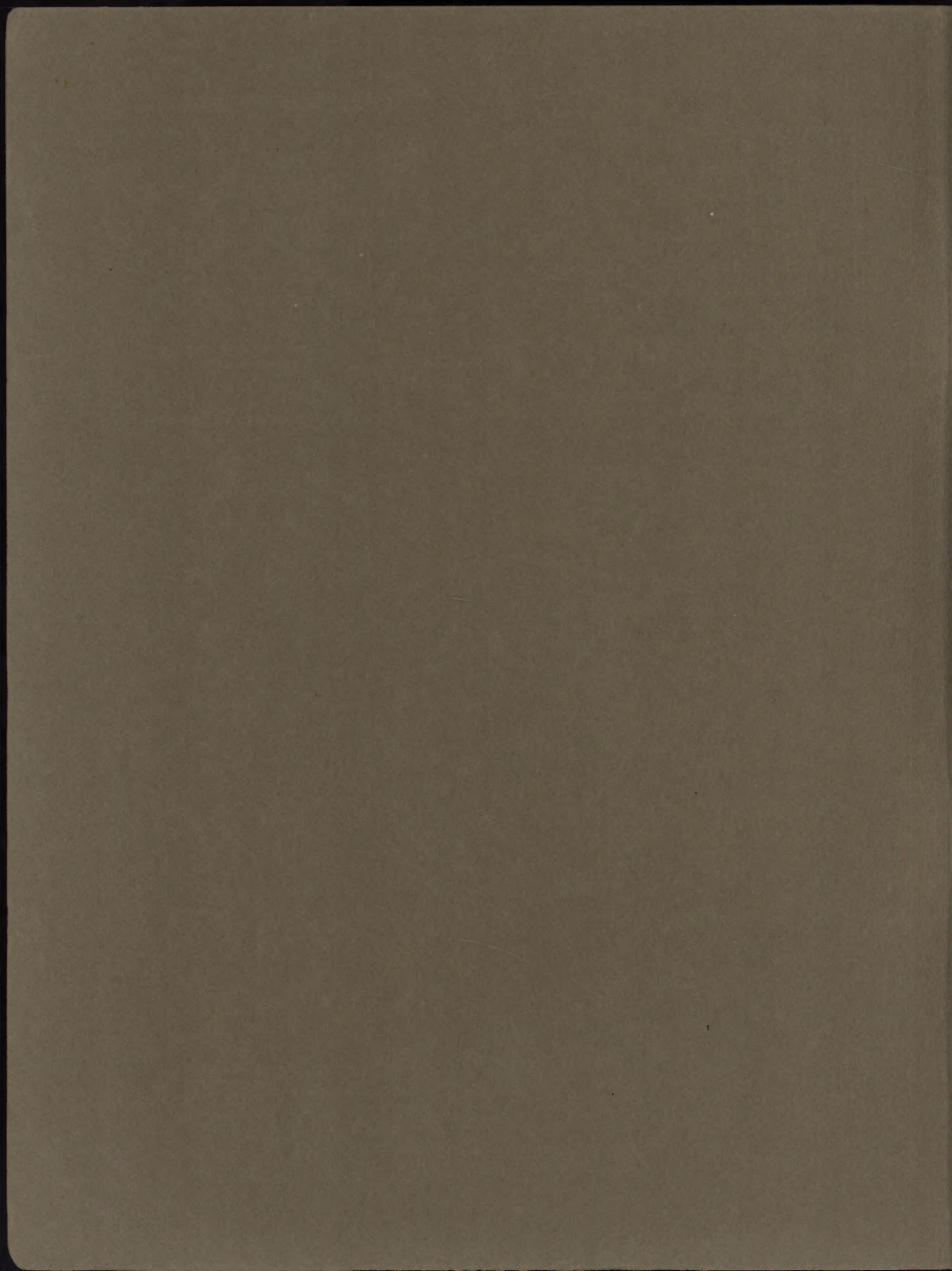
THE SCRIP

NOTES ON ART

AUGUST 1906



MOFFAT, YARD & CO., PUBLISHERS
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THE SCRIP

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NUMBER II

CONTENTS

"HEAD OF AN OLD MAN"	Frontispiece
Attributed to Rembrandt	
A REMBRANDT PORTRAIT	<i>Elisabeth Luther Cary</i> 341
REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS	<i>Leila Mechlin</i> 344
Illustrated	
ARCHITECTURE: A VITAL EXPRESSION OR A REPRODUCTION OF DEAD FORMS	
	<i>Percy W. Darbyshire</i> 349
DECORATION OF OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS	355
(Letter by John La Farge)	
EVERETT SHINN'S DECORATIVE PAINTINGS	<i>A. E. G.</i> 358
Illustrated	
THE GALLERIES	361
The Metropolitan Museum	
The New Macbeth Gallery	
ARTS AND CRAFTS	365
(Edited by ANNIE M. JONES)	
Notes from a Wood Worker's Studio	<i>A. M. J.</i>
BOOK REVIEWS	371
NOTES	373

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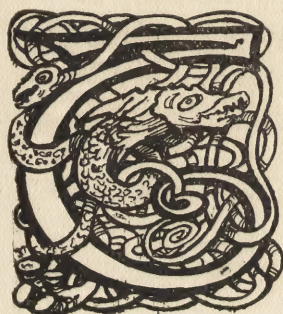
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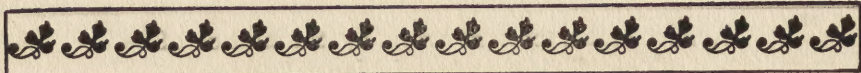


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It will contain articles on art subjects of permanent importance, and translated or epitomized accounts from authoritative sources of the contemporary art of France, Germany, Italy, and the Scandinavian countries. A list of the current art exhibitions for the month will be given in each number, and the three regular departments will be devoted to notes on these exhibitions, to notes on the development of the Arts and Crafts movement, and to reviews of books on art.

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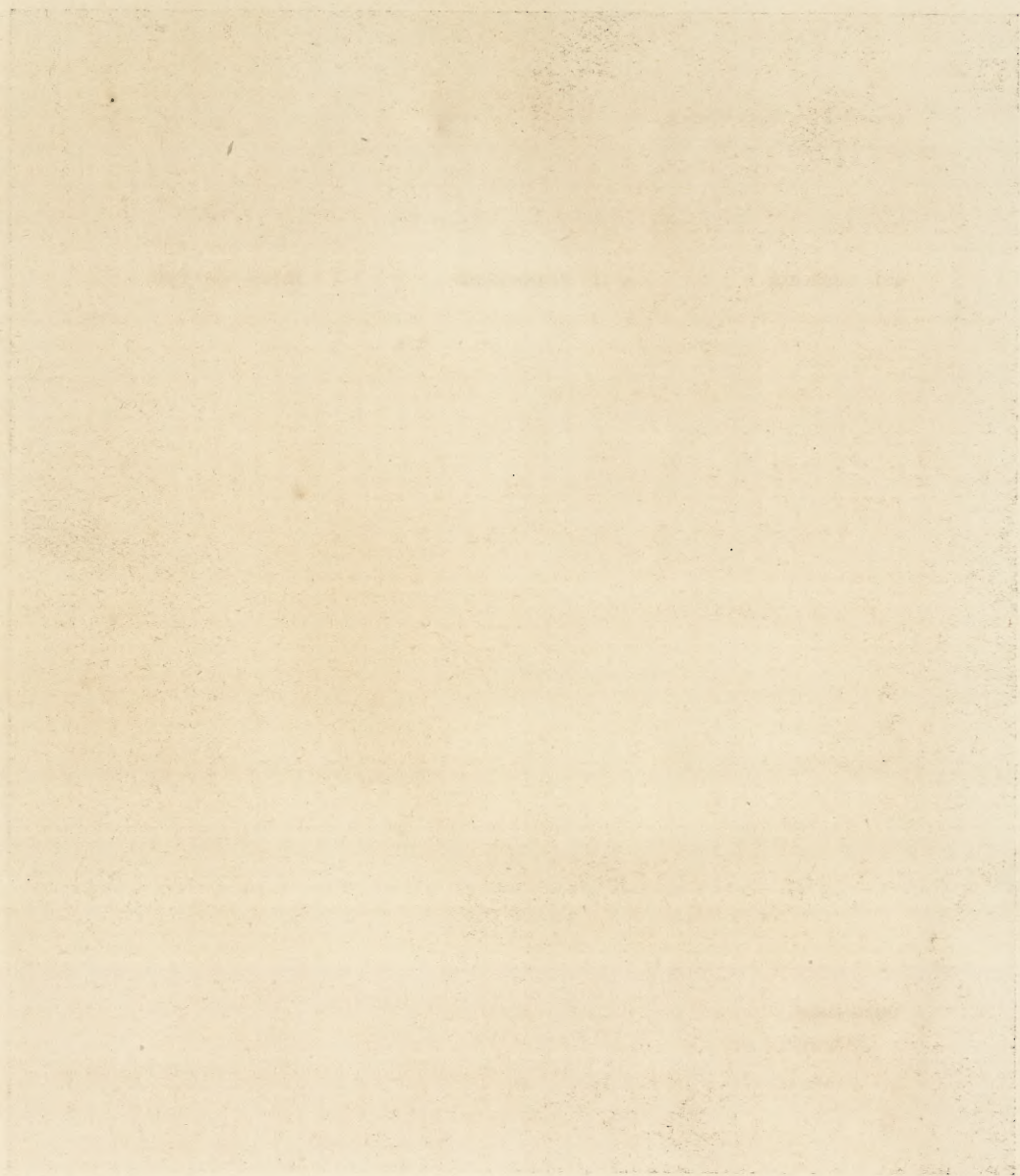
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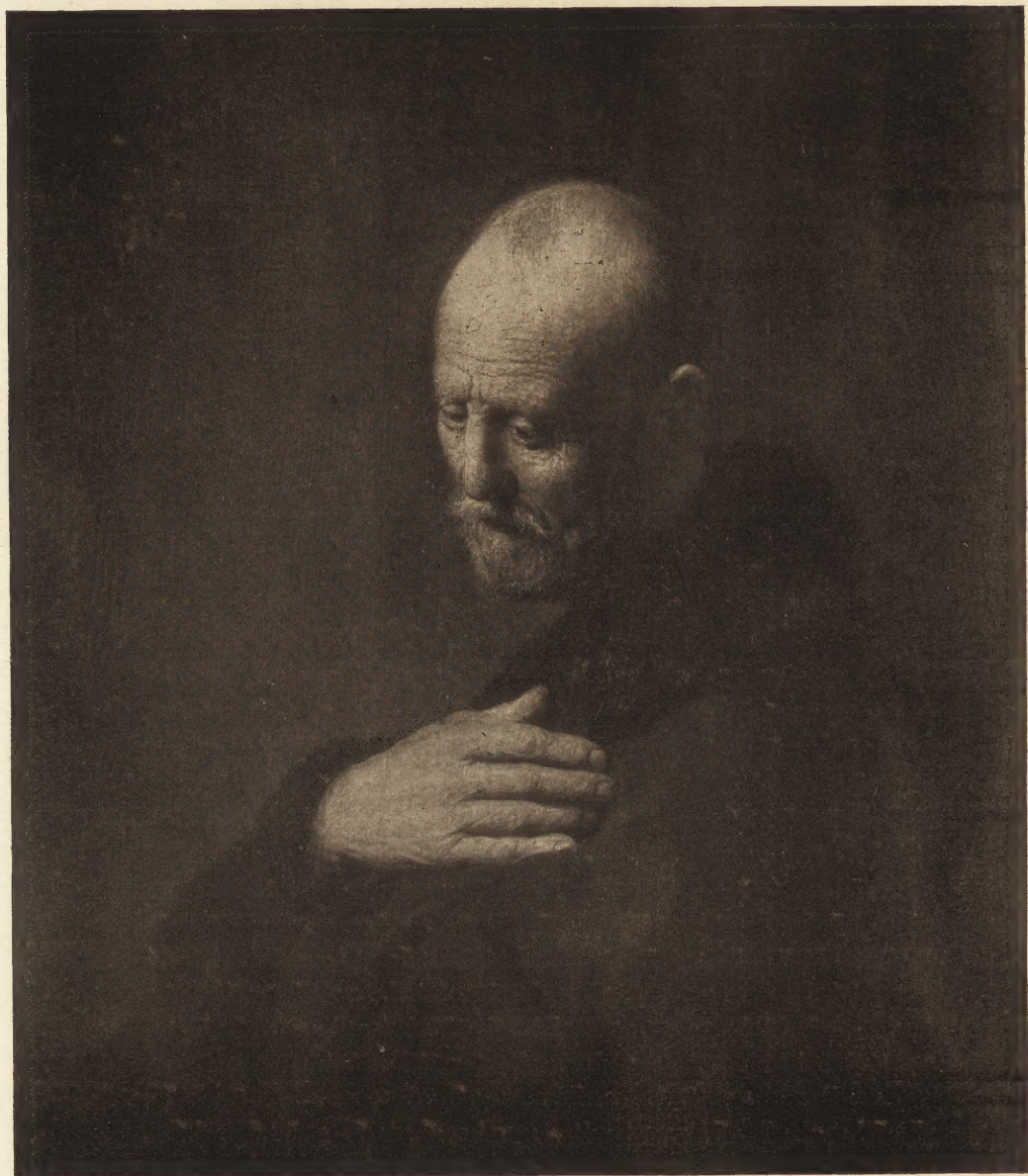
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HEAD OF AN OLD MAN
Attributed to Rembrandt, *circa* 1630
(In the Boston Museum)

THE SCRIP

Conducted by ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

Vol. I

August, 1906

No. 11

A Rembrandt Portrait

By Elisabeth Luther Cary

THE picture of *An Old Man* which was acquired by the Boston Museum in 1903 and is attributed on internal evidence to Rembrandt, is an extremely interesting example of the artist's searching vision. Painted not later than 1630 when Rembrandt was about twenty-four years old, it has the full beauty of his early manner. The drawing is close and more delicately significant of the contour than usually is the case with his line. The drawing of the hand, in particular, is at once nervous and minute, and notes with passionate sincerity the physical frailty of age. The colour is characteristically glowing, but lacks the unpleasant heat of many of the later colour schemes. It has, that is, the appearance of a rather pale face seen through a golden atmosphere and not of an object rich in local colour. The fur collar of the brown cloak is positively cool and silvery in the lights, so perfect is the unity of key.

The person represented is assumed to be Rembrandt's father and bears a convincing resemblance to the etchings

and early portraits of the model generally agreed upon as having been the miller, Harmen Gerritsz van Rijn. In sentiment the portrait is especially like the etching of the old man in a fur cap, Bartsch, number 263.

The Museum Bulletin describes the face as "thin and wrinkled, with bleary eyes, a long, hooked nose, and a short, scrubby beard. The open mouth disclosing a ragged row of teeth, adds distinctly to the senility which characterizes the expression. The head is bald, save for a thin growth of hair which imperfectly covers the sides and the region above the crown." To this description we must add a look of patience and sadness that greatly modifies the "senility" of the expression, which seems on the whole to be due to physical rather than to mental weakness. While it is innocent of the martial vigour assumed to suit the costume in the Ryks-Museum portrait reproduced by M. Michel and painted possibly the year before the Boston portrait, there is still evidence in the reflective eyes of a mind at work, perhaps only on memories, but still with unmistakable vitality. The attitude, also, obviously arranged to show the quiet, thin, old hand, is not an attitude of involuntary relaxation. It is a pose that has been thoroughly comprehended, and consciously taken and kept with the obedience of the well-trained model. Well trained, indeed, the miller must have been, and amiable as well if we may judge from the varieties of expression in the different versions of his face, apparently varied, as in the Ryks-Museum picture, to suit the demands of his ardent son. In this case, at least, his labour was rewarded by the revelation to the world of an inner aspect of kindness and gentleness veiled neither by the rather common and ugly type of the features nor by the corrosions of time upon them.

The placing of the head upon the canvas is distinguished;

one of Rembrandt's rare successes in attaining a decorative linear pattern without dependance on the pattern of the light and shade. The mass of the shoulders and head placed well to the side of the canvas divides the space symmetrically yet without artificiality of effect, and the line of the bowed head and loose coat flows with special graciousness and rhythm. It is interesting to compare this portrait showing so plainly the artist's care for the mystery of individuality and the tenderness of the appeal here made to him, with the portrait of himself in Mrs. Gardner's collection, delicate, gay and debonnair, bathed in silvery light, and spirited with youth, and also with the grave and beautiful picture of the *Man with a Black Hat* in the Metropolitan Museum, which is dated 1665 and is one of the most powerful works of his later years.

Such a comparison will serve to indicate the course taken by Rembrandt's genius from minute definition of visible facts to a magisterial authority of handling and a free, synoptical generalisation. Do we see his impressive imagination more clearly in one than in the others? I think not. The imagination that can suffuse with a unifying tone and hold in a true relation the detail of such a picture as the Boston portrait, or the portrait of himself at twenty-two, or the amazing Petronella Buys recently seen in the Jefferson collection, is as powerful and significant as the imagination that can sweep into expressive chiaroscuro all unpoetic accessories. What we may be thankful for is that as his artistic faculty grew he did not lose the power to dream and feel.

Rembrandt's Etchings

AN EXHIBITION IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

By Leila Mechlin

AS an etcher Rembrandt is pre-eminent. Not only did he develop the art but bring it to its highest state of perfection. While realizing its limitations, he understood better, perhaps, than even his followers its possibilities as a medium of expression. He established a standard and became himself a guide.

Strangely enough, even when his paintings were little esteemed his prints were appreciated. During his life time they were sought by collectors, and since his death they have steadily increased in value. To-day only "millionaires and museums," as some one deprecatingly has said, can afford to own them in large quantities, and rarely, indeed, is so excellent an opportunity offered to become familiar with them as an exhibition in the Library of Congress, at Washington, now affords.

Arranged in commemoration of the tercentenary of Rembrandt's birth, this exhibition consists not only of a large collection of his etchings, but of several hundred engraved reproductions of his paintings and drawings. It places, however, chief emphasis upon the first and comprehends no less than two hundred and six of the three hundred and seventy-five subjects enumerated by Bartsch. Many of these, moreover, are set forth in several states and with famous copies, so that the total number exceeds three hundred and the value of the exhibition to the student is greatly enhanced.

These prints have been drawn from the Marsh, Hubbard, Bradley and Garrett collections, which either belong or have been loaned to the Library, and numbers of them have descended from earlier noted collections, such as the Aylesford,



BEGGAR STANDING AND LEAN-
ING ON STICK
Rembrandt, 1630 (Rovinski, 162)



CLEMENT DE JONGHE
Rembrandt, 1651 (Rovinski, 272)



von Nagler, Esdaile, Dumesnil, Thiermann and Sträter. They have been catalogued according to Bartsch, Blanc, Claussen, Dutuit, Gersaint, Middleton, Rovinski and Wilson, and have been selected and set forth under the direction of Mr. A. J. Parsons, the chief of the Division of Prints.

Among the rarest works in the collection are the *Hundred Guilder Print*, *Coppenol*, the *Three Trees* and the *Landscape with the Square Tower*, while with the best known may be numbered the portrait of *Jean Lutma*, *The Mill*, *Burgo-master Six*, *The Death of the Virgin*, *Blind Tobias*, *Faustus*, *The Raising of Lazarus*, *Ecce Homo* and the *Three Crosses*.

The *Hundred Guilder Print*—*Christ Healing the Sick*—which sold, it will be remembered, some years ago for over five thousand dollars, is found in an impression of great brilliancy, and is seen in the second, third, and fourth states. Both the first and second states of *Blind Tobias* are included in the catalogue, and with the only state of the *Three Trees* have been placed, for the purpose of comparison, copies by Bretherton, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Durand.

But it is not the commercial worth of this collection which makes it most interesting, nor yet the rarity of its several prints, but its general excellence and the comprehensiveness of its character. Any exhibition confined to the work of a single artist must be more significant than the sum of its exhibits, and in this instance it is specially so. Not only are we brought face to face with a vigorous personality, but are enabled to witness the development of a great art.

Rembrandt's versatility has caused his cataloguers much confusion. No sooner, apparently, did he master one method than he passed to another, and in the choice of subjects he showed bewildering catholicity. He had half a dozen different manners and no prevailing mood. The earliest of his

works, it is true, were rendered in pure etching, whereas the later ones were chiefly in dry-point, used sometimes in conjunction with the burin, but it is impossible to make any general classification, as the several periods over-lap each other and no one style was ever entirely abandoned.

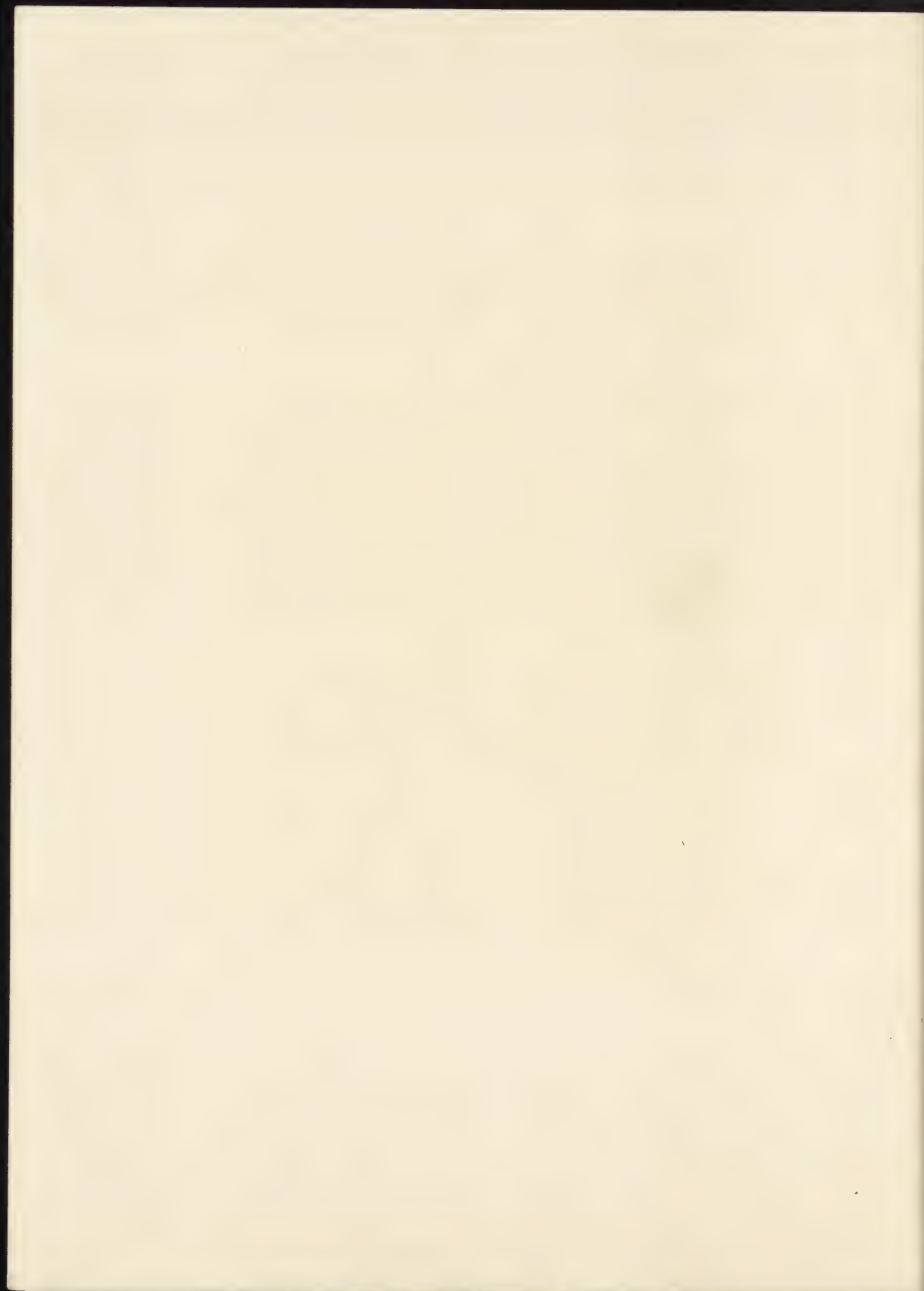
At first, we are led to believe, he etched for practice, for the purpose of making notes; later a pictorial inclination asserts itself, and lastly an interpretative spirit. Presumably etching was his play-work; certainly it never ceased to be experimental.

It would be difficult to say which of his prints are the most attractive. So accomplished are some of the earliest that it is hard to believe that others had not preceeded them; now, it is a rude strength and directness that charms; then, a lightness of touch and mastery of medium. He was not always successful. His lines while sensitive were sometimes involved and broken; apparently he felt his way toward his conclusion; but never in a single instance did he fail to portray feeling and intent. Beneath the technical weakness was the great man's strength, the artist's instinct and the interpreter's power. Occasionally, however, from the first he attained a great height, as in his *Bust of an Old Man with a Beard*, and his portrait of himself *Leaning on a Stone Sill*, and accomplished results which even he, himself, never surpassed.

The beggar series belongs to his early period, and is to be counted among the most interesting of his works. *The Beggar Standing and Leaning on a Stick* is a characteristic example. Boldly drawn it appears almost careless in its construction, yet is masterly in its strength. Unlike Whistler, Rembrandt never made good use of line but gained, even when employing pure etching his effects through mass. In his simplest sketch, as here, the planes of light are carefully preserved and cleverly utilized.



JACOB LAMENTING DEATH
OF JOSEPH
Rembrandt, *circa* 1633
(Rovinski, 38)



This ability for the manipulation of light and shadow was what told in his later work, combined, of course, with his knowledge of the human form and consummate draughtsmanship. It may have led, also, to the use of dry-point inasmuch as therewith his object was most readily attained. He never entirely abandoned, however it should be added, the use of line, or failed to make its force felt in conjunction with his massing of shadow.

In his Biblical illustrations these characteristics are most patent, and though this group includes certain grotesque compositions it also comprehends some of his most remarkable works. It has been said that these prints, being readily salable, were produced primarily with commercial intent, but, if it be true, they themselves do not demonstrate it by any carelessness of execution or weakness of conception.

Not least interesting in this collection are the small etchings executed with what seems to us now infinite patience and outlay of effort. Many, setting forth elaborate compositions, would not cover the palm of a man's hand, and yet are bold enough to explain themselves at a distance. Notable among these is the *Jacob Lamenting the Death of Joseph*, which was produced about 1633 and is found in this collection in a specially fine impression.

Though almost every one is familiar, through reproductions, with Rembrandt's *Three Trees* and the *Mill*, his landscapes, which here constitute a notable section, are commonly but little known and but poorly appreciated. They are not, it is true, pictorial, but they are impressive. Broad stretches of land and sky are given, space is suggested, the grave dignity of the out-door world expressed. Some are in line, others worked out in detail, as the *Landscape with the Dutch*

Hay Barn, which was executed in 1641 and is peculiarly characteristic.

But it is as a maker of portraits—an interpreter of human personality—that we think of Rembrandt, and it is as such that both as a painter and an etcher he rises to his greatest height. As great in its way, as definitely personal, as any of his paintings is his etched portrait of *Clement de Jonge*, the Amsterdam art dealer who was one of the first to form a collection of his prints. Rembrandt was forty-five years old when he etched this plate. He had completely mastered his medium, there were both sureness and delicacy in his touch; there are neither too few lines nor too many; he had lost none of his strength, but he had acquired grace of expression.

He has been called the "Prince of Etchers" and yet, reviewing this collection of his work as a whole, it is borne in upon us that it was not as an etcher merely that Rembrandt was great. Medium to him, if we mistake not, was never a thing of paramount importance but rather a means to an end. First and last he was greater than his work—something more than a skilful etcher or a good painter—a great artist.

As indicative of the awakening of a new conception of the responsibilities of museums, it is interesting to note the recent appointment of Mr. D. S. MacColl to be keeper of the Tate Gallery in London. Mr. MacColl will be remembered as having led the attack on the present system of purchases for the British nation. His art criticisms in the London Saturday Review have been valuable contributions to our knowledge of current British art.



LANDSCAPE WITH COTTAGE AND
DUTCH HAY BARN

Rembrandt, 1641 (Rovinski, 225)



Architecture :

A VITAL EXPRESSION OR A REPRODUCTION OF DEAD FORMS

By Percy W. Darbyshire

“NOW the seven deadly arts are : Music, literature, painting, sculpture, *architecture*, dancing, acting—it behoves us to examine the possible sources of evil latent in each, and every one of those arts :” the word architecture in the foregoing sentence causes me to close the little book of bright sketches from life, which has recently appeared, and to think for a time of this primal art of architecture as it is understood in this country and in Great Britain. Putting my thought into words, I leave it to the readers of THE SCRIPT to decide whether architecture is literally a deadly art in the effect of its examples upon the spirit of the average human being in both these great countries, or a wonderful expression to generations that are to come of the beauty and dignity of life as it was lived by that strangely insulated morsel of the Universe, the 19th and 20th century man. In England how do we find that the man of this time has expressed himself in the buildings which have arisen while he has been running to and fro ;—looking at these what may we say of the architect who designed them? Perhaps the general impression first received is of the extreme carefulness of disposition displayed ; we feel that there has been almost a dread of innovation in art, so tenaciously have its followers clung to the old forms and ideals. Surely this people have believed in keeping well within their known powers ; over all and through all we feel a sense of restraint, sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious on the architect’s part, and the result has happily been in many

cases, buildings quiet and beautiful in their lines, but rigidly based on what has gone before in the past ages and lacking that sense of the newly revealed truth of the age, which so strengthens and increases the sense of life in man.

There have been many chances during the past decade in England for the great architect to express himself, but where in any of these vast buildings newly arisen do we find the clear expression in brick and stone of the man who has lived the truth that was in him? Let us think for a moment of what has been done in the Metropolis of the World, London; taking only one instance, who can fail to be impressed with the beauty and dignity of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster? The exterior of this great church has wonderful charm by reason of its noble proportions and unbroken sweep of line and mass from pier to arch; the interior is as beautiful and suggestive as a close study of the churches of Italy can make it, but we leave the whole with an impression that England recedes when this dignified tower comes in sight, and when seated in the noble interior "Italy" but half expressed would after a time be the ruling thought. To sum up the case for England, may it not be said that the British accept life very much as it comes to them, and keep well within given limits; and that English artistic expression, whether in architecture, sculpture, painting or the drama, is quiet and restrained in tone, lacking the nerve to allow the artistic sense the full sweep of its power?

In the United States of America how do we find architectural problems approached? With, I think, a nervous energy such as the world has never seen. The sons and daughters of this great republic of the West know no such state as half-hearted interest in anything, they reach out to meet life, eager for the new thing and the new sensation. An

artistic idea is seized with rapidity and an attempt is made at once to develop it after the manner of a scientific theory. The result of this is that in architecture a fine sense of universal power is attained by many buildings, the detail of which is utterly spiritless. In the City of New York many of the tall office buildings, seen in the wonderful light which brings out the lines and flings out the mass in so marvelous a way, speak clearly of a new people and a new spirit of the age, but half understood as yet. Approach nearer these wonders of the builder's craft and we feel the power of exact scientific knowledge and engineering skill. This for the first impression. The second shall surely be, for the European-born, at least, thankfulness that life may still be lived in lands where restraint is known, and the uninspired may not be produced so recklessly. For after a prolonged tour of architectural inspection throughout the greatest city in the United States, New York, the words of a gifted young American architect (Ralph Adams Cram), one whose artistic perceptions are far in advance of the majority of his brother architects, occur to me, as a true expression of the short sight of those who devote themselves to art in this country. He is writing of the Japanese painters' methods of conception, but what he says may with equal truth be applied to the architect in the East as compared with him of this great Western republic. He writes: "The object then of the Japanese painter is the attainment of pure beauty. To him nourished as his fathers before him for unnumbered generations on the fundamental doctrines that thought, will, desire, the universe itself, all are illusion, all visible and tangible things are no more than the emanation of rudimentary mind, therefore utterly imperfect and unworthy of perpetuation. He does not search far and wide for a fairer type of face or form, a nobler

natural prospect. He does not ransack his memory or his sketch books for notes of pose, gesture, accessories; his pictures are not built up of beautiful elements gathered from many sources and through long periods. This is the method of the West, is now, at all events, in the case of such work as possesses any claim whatever to the qualities of true art. Instead he takes any subject, however outwardly commonplace, and then applies to it three processes: Selection, emphasis, idealization. Almost instinctively he chooses the essential lines, elements and qualities, throwing all else away. Of these he lays stress on those that play into his hand for beauty minimizing the others, and then either as we should say by the exercise of his infallible good taste or as he would say, controlled by that mystical elder memory that tests all things by the standards established through myriads of forgotten lives, he goes on to translate his chosen details into terms of the beautiful." Selection, emphasis and idealization; are not those three words the passwords to the outer courts of the temple wherein the secret of art sits enthroned? Is this really understood either in England or the United States? I fear not. In England we find the English mind showing much refinement in selection of subject or motive for subject, idealizing this in many fanciful forms, yet, as before stated, the English are too restrained in their design, and the entire architectural effect is singularly lacking in emphasis. Here in the United States of America we shall find selection and emphasis, both of which the American exercises with great facility, but the last member of the trinity—no, for how often is not this third gift of the gods, idealization, utterly lacking in architectural work on this side of the Atlantic! Were I asked for a proof of the validity of the preceding statement, I should point to one fine building which the enter-

prise of a great newspaper has caused to arise in New York City. When seen from a distance it rivets the attention and forces a distinct impression of power upon the mind. This could not be felt were not the outline and mass in conformity with the laws which govern the beautiful, but approach nearer, and the impression is disappointing by reason of the lack of the sense of scale displayed in certain details. The one entrance which should be expressive of the whole building, the passing of the known exterior into the unrevealed meaning of the interior, is entirely out of scale with the building to which it is attached, thus preventing the façade from telling us the story of the whole mass what—to use a very much misused word—the ideal motive of the building may have been.

After some three years residence in this country' I was asked for my opinion on American architecture. My reply was that with the exception of one man's work I had not found any architecture which gave me a concrete expression of this new world force of humanity—American life. Asked to state this one exception, I said: "The work of Henry Hobson Richardson in the second half of the nineteenth century." When seated in the quiet, dignified interior of Trinity Church, Boston, no man of artistic judgment can fail to realize how very true to his own superconscious sense of life this man's work proves him to have been. There is no apparent application of the formulæ and rigid rules of any one school of architecture here. Although he studied his art in Paris, Richardson was not content to produce a scholarly but spiritless building after the manner of the present-day graduates of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, that magnificent training ground for the architectural intellect, from whence come the most skillful of American architects whose work shows so clearly

their eager grasp of scientific problems, and yet, at the same time proves them insensitive to the great, free American life around them. Richardson, who must have been thoroughly conversant with all that science could teach him, first thought of the purpose for which his building was intended, then all rules as to proportions and details as noted in other buildings were made subservient to this central motive. There is a very beautiful example of *American* architecture in the happily placed library of the University of Vermont, arising between the mountains and the lake at Burlington. This building and the entrance to the Law School at Harvard University will be found to express Richardson's truth to himself better than many of his larger works. Had he been thoroughly understood, American architecture would have ranked high among the examples of creative thought in the world to-day. Instead of this the manner in which his work was copied by the rapid builders of after years, must have made the country long to be delivered from the debased Byzantine style, far removed from his art, which flooded the cities after he had done his life's work.

Things are now changing, and this country is slowly and surely gaining ground in the world of art, when such minds as that of the author of *Japanese Architecture and Allied Arts*, from which I have quoted one of the most illuminating passages, are appearing in the land, and by their words are awakening a self-satisfied nation to the knowledge that it has yet to know greatness in the finest meaning of that word; surely the full light of dawn must appear before long and this country produce an art which is ethnic, and therefore may be called truly American.

The Decoration of our Public Buildings

THE following is the full text of a very interesting letter from Mr. John La Farge to Mr. Theodore Marburg of the Municipal Art Society of Baltimore. The letter explains itself. Mr. La Farge writes:

Dear Mr. Marburg:—

I had hoped to find you in Baltimore, not knowing of your departure, and to look up with you the question proposed to me to which your letter of May 12th again refers. I mean giving you the names of certain foreign artists, preferably French, whom you may employ for the Court House.

It was in the first place difficult to give you an answer, because the list of French painters, of any triumphant superiority in mural painting is small. There are many good men, but of no great importance, and there are excellent painters whose "forte" is not that of mural decoration, and who are more properly easel painters; so that their work on the walls or ceilings does not even do them justice, and is usually rather unpleasant to look at, however meritorious in knowledge or similar qualities. We cannot command at will the poetic feeling which illustrates Puvis de Chavannes or my friend, Mr. Besnard; the latter has certainly great poetic charm.

I note that you seem to wish only French painters, but if you desire to make cosmopolitan representation, are you not abandoning some respectable artists in Belgium, in Germany, in Spain, also in England whose claims are fairly equivalent? I do not know the artists of Holland or of Northern Europe, nor am I sufficiently acquainted with the Italian, who have

of late, developed enormously, so that, even apart from those who do decoration here for various firms, there must be a very great number of very competent decorators who are Italians.

But I should not wish to have my name in any way associated with the idea of bringing over foreign artists, unless their superiority was something so marked, that we could not afford to do without them. I should prefer to see at were properly a mural painter—do the work in preference any time an American of moderate capacity—provided he to a foreigner of no greater rank. I should even go further, I should go very far in encouraging American art. My reasons would be based on the experience of Europe. The French have developed their work by asking Frenchmen to do it. In the same way, each separate nationality has acted, and, in so far as they have followed this rule, they have developed the art of their country.

This seems to me a fundamental law, and if there have been a very few exceptions, they have occurred at moments where a mistake has been made, or else, when circumstances have wiped out the possibility of anything else of importance, as was the case at the moment of the Civil Wars in France, when every form of art suffered, when manufactures were absolutely wiped out, and when Rubens was called in of necessity.

I have always admired the action of Louis XIV. of France, in his decision to return even the illustrious Bernini to Italy, and to give to famous Frenchmen the work which should illustrate his reign.

I should even disagree with regard to the influence upon our development here of such noble work as that of Puvis. No one that I know is old enough to have admired him as

long as I have. So that I can speak with a degree of confidence quite as great as that of any Frenchman, when I make this statement.

You go on to say, with your usual intelligent frankness, which I fully appreciate, that the course you speak of takes away a commission from some American artist. Well, this I regret. I should like to see more of Mr. Turner's work added in Baltimore, to what he has already, and the same for Mr. Blashfield. They will be honors to us all, and there are at least, at this moment of my thinking, half a dozen Americans besides, who to me are quite capable of such efforts as would continue those that I have spoken of. I should like to mention names, but I think it wiser not to do so, for fear I should omit one, in this hurried note.

And to put my views again before you, I should prefer anyhow, to believe that our American artists are to have work in our buildings in preference to the foreigner, under almost any circumstances. I believe that when that view is firmly anchored in the minds of our architects and lovers of art, we shall be launched into the full sea of American mural painting. We see the advantage of this in sculpture. The American architect does not bring over even the excellent French sculptors who are there at hand. And the American architect is in so far, right.

Finally, please understand that I appreciate entirely the point of view which I take to be yours, that of an educational influence. But I consider my own view the better, from long experience, and, I believe, also an adequate acquaintance with the art of a great part of Europe and that of our own men.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN LA FARGE.

Aside from the cordial endorsement of American art contained in this statement of Mr. La Farge's views, his note as to the possibility of cosmopolitan representation in our mural decorations is valuable. The people of America comprise many nationalities, and it is reasonable to expect that the art of each race forming part of our composite population should make a special appeal to the aesthetic instincts of that race. To take but one instance: We have among us painters from Sweden in whom Larsson's mural work unquestionably would awaken not an imitative spirit, but a more or less dormant inclination toward an ethnic ideal. If then we are to have foreign art, and we should remember that to many of us the art of European countries is not wholly foreign, we could not do better than to draw from as many sources as yield a pure strain.

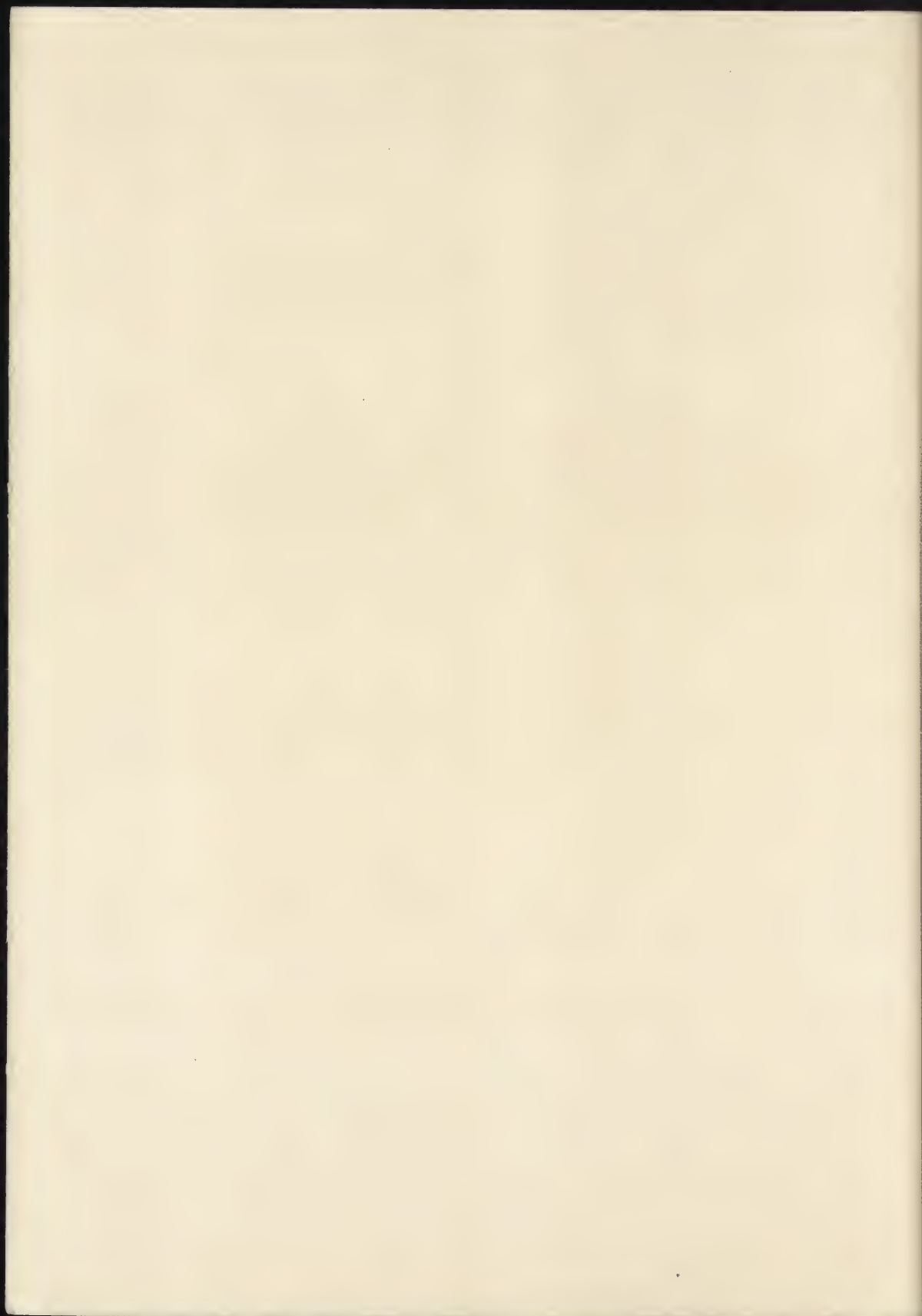
Everett Shinn's Decorative Paintings

By A. E. G.

EVERETT SHINN is the possessor of an art presenting many different aspects and showing influences that proclaim widely diverging sympathies. There is the manner first of all in which he affects Degas and finds his inspirations in the glamour of the music-hall: its glare of conflicting lights and its outward appearances he has faithfully recorded, but his gaze is much less penetrating than that of the master draughtsman, and we do not see the same unflinching realism, brutality and cynicism which forms the art of



OVER-DOOR IN MUSIC ROOM OF
EMIL STEHLE HOUSE
By Everett Shinn



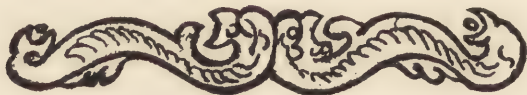
Degas. The painting exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts last winter which Shinn named *The Ballet*, somewhat widely known through reproductions in the press, is an excellent example of this happy medium between the art of the realist and the art of the idealist. Then there is the important set of works in pastel which give us such intimate portraits of the meaner streets—and sometimes the housetops—of Paris and New York, pictures executed in amazingly alluring and harmonious colours that record to an extraordinary degree the very atmosphere of the localities depicted. It is in the red-chalk studies, however, that we find the most personal expression of the artist's genius, and we must go back to the "old masters," with a very few exceptions, to find the equal of these studies in suggestiveness, knowledge of anatomy and brilliancy of execution. The greatest charm of these drawings, however, lies in their freedom from all taint of the academic.

And now frequently the artist lays aside his intensely modern aspect of life, his vivid visions so comparatively free from false allusions, and gives us in their stead pictures reflecting the artifice of about the most unreal age in which art has flourished—the eighteenth century in France.

Shinn has schooled himself well in the traditions of this epoch, the period when an effete civilization seemed to reach a vertiable climax. He has also studied intelligently the perfect reflectors of the age—I mean Watteau and his pupils Lancret and Pater and his followers, Boucher and Fragonard—and the results of his investigations in this direction of the contemporary chroniclers are surprisingly fresh and vivacious, full of character and vigor and far removed from mere tedious and uninspired copies. The artist displays much of the decorative instinct which is a characteristic of almost all

French art and which was in this particular group always the paramount feature: he also displays brilliant and rapid brush work, and an abundance of gayety and charm, light, air, grace and clear colours.

Among the recent acquisitions of the Brooklyn Museum by gift and purchase are *The Fugitive* by Thomas Couture, which gains an added—and needed—interest as coming from the Joseph Jefferson sale, and the three large pictures by Verestchagin, *A Crucifixion in the Time of the Romans*, *Resting Place of Prisoners* and *Road of the War Prisoners*, which have long been loaned to the Museum by the present donor, Mrs. Lilla Brown. A large and imposing portrait of himself has been presented by the German Emperor, while smaller but perhaps more interesting canvasses by Louis C. Tiffany, Henry Golden Dearth, Emil Carlsen, Irving Couse and Paul Cornoyer have been acquired. There have also been purchased additions to the Egyptian collection and to the potteries of Persia, Saracenic Spain and Rhodes, and Mr. A. A. Healy lends twenty or more Tanagra figurines from the Lecuyer collection. Old Chinese Cloisonné ware is loaned by Mr. S. P. Avery in addition to the Oriental porcelains given by him. An interesting collection of jade has been loaned by Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and Mr. Duane Pell has given a fine series of European porcelains.



The Galleries

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

AMONG the accessions to the Metropolitan Museum noted in the last *Bulletin* are a few items of unusual importance. First of these is the nocturne by Whistler, formerly owned by Mr. Heinemann of London and presented to the Museum by Mr. Fahnestock. The title of the picture is *Nocturne in Green and Gold: The Falling Rocket*, and it represents the illuminations and fireworks of Cremorne Gardens at night. It was Whistler's bewildering habit to repeat his principal titles once, or twice, or even half a dozen times, sometimes with and sometimes without discriminating sub-titles. Thus, in the London exhibition were no fewer than three *Nocturnes in Blue and Gold*, the *St. Mark's*, the *Old Battersea Bridge*, and the *Valparaiso*. At the Boston exhibition were four *Nocturnes in Blue and Silver* and seven pictures, not nocturnes, that were entitled *Blue and Silver*, one of them having no sub-title given in the catalogue. Three of the dark nocturnes represent fireworks in Cremorne Gardens, one called *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Fire Wheel*, owned by Arthur Studd, Esq., and exhibited in Boston; another called *Nocturne in Black and Gold: The Falling Rocket*, owned by Mrs. Untermeyer and exhibited in Boston, and the Metropolitan nocturne, which also is a falling rocket, but differs from Mrs. Untermeyer's in shape and size and colour.

The Museum is greatly to be congratulated on at last obtaining a Whistler and on finding one of such importance in the market. Whistler's art can only be studied with any approach to thoroughness in private collections, yet no art of

modern times offers so many technical triumphs for the consideration either of the expert or the practical artist. His mastery of form has yet to be understood by a public to which form is apt to imply sculpturesque or massive modelling, his mastery of line is accepted thanks to the educating influence of his etchings, but the problems of his colour are only as yet guessed at, although no colour was ever more logically based on a rational and comprehensible theory.

Another interesting accession is Manet's *Guitarist*, an amazingly vivid picture which was exhibited in the Salon of 1861 when he was twenty-nine years old. The figure is rendered with a profound truthfulness of observation. The light is broad and the shadows few, but the key is not high and the colour scheme though simple is not held in so close a unity as in the *Boy with a Sword*, now hanging in Gallery XXIV, or the *Street-Singer*, temporarily placed in the Boston Museum. The most vital characteristics of the picture are the lively, striking gesture, the sense of movement and vigour, and the admirable management of the impasto. In the extraordinary energy of the expression it recalls the portrait of Faure as Hamlet in the Durand-Ruel Galleries.

Among the accessions of paintings by American artists are Henry Inman's portrait of Macready as William Tell, which came from the Jefferson collection and is an excellent example of the artist's animated style, and an early landscape by John La Farge, which is practically the portrait of a single tree, and, while bold in composition and treatment, is hardly comparable to the Newport landscape of the same period, recently exhibited at the Rowlands' Gallery in Boston. A group of five pictures has been loaned to the Museum by Mr. Charles Fairchild, the most interesting of which is, perhaps, William M. Hunt's *Bathers* in the original small

version, a picture too well known to require description.

The two Blake water-colours purchased by the Museum last February or March have not before been noticed in these columns, but are in a certain sense as important as anything acquired since the new régime. Blake was not only an artist of intense imagination and exalted vision; he was one of the classics. He not only expressed the strangest and most lonely phases of the human spirit, but he chose among all possible artistic forms the most abstract and synthetic. To examine these water-colours which represent the *Creation of Eve* and the *Flight into Egypt*, is to realize how equal was his art to the utmost strain put upon it by his imagination. In the *Creation of Eve* the pure light colour-scheme and flowing serene lines lend to the scene repose and dignity. The exaggerated height of the figure of the Creator, the broad, benignant head, the floating action, the hands mildly extended to the man and woman, combine to produce an effect which has the simplicity of an idyl, yet incorporates without disaster such touches of indescribable fantasy as the amazed poise of the paroquets perched on the vine at the left and the smiling lion's head growing out of the foliage in the lower right-hand corner. Both drawings support Blake's uncompromising theory that "ideas cannot be given but in their minutely appropriate words nor can a design be made but in its minutely appropriate execution."

THE NEW MACBETH GALLERY

The removal of the Macbeth Gallery to its new quarters, number 450 Fifth Avenue, abolishes an old landmark, but increases the opportunity of the public to study American art within the range of a well-defined personal taste. The larger

rooms and better light are effective aids to enjoyment of the special group of painters to whose works Mr. Macbeth is hospitable. Two canvasses by Jerome Myers are hung one in each of the galleries. The larger, *A Street Procession*, is an interesting rendering of a thoroughly pictorial subject—a street thronged with people carrying long lighted candles, over their heads coloured lanterns and bright draperies. The composition is crowded, with an interlacing of outline that gives a decorative pattern without emphasizing either linear or aerial perspective. The smaller canvas, *The East Side Huckster*, was painted several years ago, but illustrates the best qualities of the artist.

A number of paintings by Mr. Davies are on the walls of the further room. One is the *Golden Stream*, shown in the Philadelphia exhibition last winter. Under it is *The Coast of Newfoundland*, a landscape with a fine brooding sky swept by the dark cloud of a gathering storm. Two other landscapes recently painted are mountain subjects, one of which, *The Old Haunts of Dawn*, shows a vista of peaks seen between tall trees, swimming in a clear blue atmosphere that has lost every suspicion of the crudity inherent in pigment.

A portrait by George Fuller is, perhaps, the most interesting item in the very distinguished little collection. It carries strange suggestions of Whistler's later notes "in rose and gold" in the reserved yet rich colour-scheme; and the face is not without a Whistlerian simplicity of tone, although lacking in the profound research of contour and the decorative placing of the more fastidious and learned painter. It is one of those successes in early American art that show the peculiar gravity and delicacy of what we may call our native ideal under the direction of a strong personal vision. What we are apt to call American art is too often not American at all, but the reflection of a foreign influence overwhelming a mild original tendency. "Art happens" in truth, and when it happens nothing can conquer it.

Arts and Crafts Department

Edited by Annie M. Jones

NOTES FROM A WOOD-WORKER'S STUDIO

THE revival of handicrafts is not, of course, wholly of to-day or even of yesterday. More than a quarter of a century ago in this country individual workers took a very practical interest in certain forms of applied art, and, on a smaller scale, worked their way out of monotonous ugliness toward the expression of the aesthetic idea, much as Morris in England had taken things into his own hands when it became a question of making an agreeable home for himself. A few of these interested people continued to study along the lines they had taken up, and developed through years of technical experience a personal style of design and method of execution by which their work is sharply distinguished from that of the pupils in modern schools and classes who are having the advantages and also the disadvantages of comparatively brief courses in various crafts.

Among these forerunners of the purely modern craftsmen Miss H. J. Hall, of Boston, is well known as a worker in wood, whose exacting standard is the outgrowth of thirty years of actual practice and development. Her furniture, frames, and smaller articles show freedom of taste, sureness of hand, and, above all, appreciation of the possibilities of her material. They show as well the instinctive choice of the craftsman who is also an artist for beauty of line, surface, and colour. In picture frames—a branch of art more given over to meretricious taste and stupid invention than almost

any other—this refinement of discrimination is perhaps most apparent. Miss Hall approaches a frame as an artist approaches a picture. The subject to be framed is considered with reference to composition and colour. If it is a landscape with heavy trees, for example, or if it is a massive head or figure, the breadth and weight of the frame will be brought into harmony with it; and the colour of the wood will be chosen with reference to the tone of the picture. While this would seem to be one of the first principles in framing, it is perhaps the one most often ignored. Morris's dictum that "a book on art should be made without ornament" might be twisted to apply to Miss Hall's picture-frames, which are severely simple, depending for their beauty upon their appropriateness and upon the grain of the wood and the colour, rather than upon the sparse carving that occasionally ornaments them without interrupting their quietness of effect. With mirror-frames, on the other hand, ampler decoration is fitting since the plain surface of the mirror makes a desirable contrast, and for this purpose inlay is both effective and practicable, not gathering dust as carving does and having a certain brilliancy of effect that harmonises with the glass. A very narrow, long mirror recently designed for use in narrow rooms or hallways lends itself with special grace to a more or less elaborate pattern carried out in contrasting wood.

One of these long mirrors, admirably adapted for occupying a small space while multiplying the apparent size of the apartment in which it may be placed, has a formal and striking design of mahogany inlaid in the oak frame. To be used with this mirror is a hall rack ornamented with the same design, suitably varied, and furnished with hooks and pegs for coats and hats. The natural colour of the oak, modified only

by polishing and rubbing, blends beautifully with the hue of the Cuban mahogany, bringing out the richness and brilliancy of both woods.

In this matter of blending the colours of woods lie both opportunity and danger; the possible combinations are so many that there is much temptation to produce striking effects. To illustrate some of these possibilities Miss Hall has made small pieces of inlay with remarkably realistic flower designs in rich coloured woods with leaves of the green olive; but convincingly as they show what may be done in this direction by skill and taste, when placed beside the really excellent conventional designs, they preach still more convincingly Miss Hall's favorite doctrine of rigidly conventionalized patterns and simplicity of colour scheme. Simplicity, but not monotony, for the range of selection is wide, and the woods are chosen for their special use with a keen appreciation of their qualities. Black walnut, long a favorite, then in disrepute and now coming again into late and expensive fashion, has to recommend it little beyond its availability for use in rooms furnished mainly in other woods. No other material is spoiled by its juxtaposition nor is its plain unobtrusiveness affected by the neighborhood of more beautiful woods. Rosewood, on the contrary, while warm in colour, is coarse in grain and needs either constant re-dressing or else so heavy a varnish as to make it a shining offense to eyes habituated to softer finish.

Not quite so well known but readily procurable are the Virginia laurel; the green-wood, varying from pale to very dark green and of handsome grain; the plain and useful logwood, deep and rich in colour; the yellow fustic and the olive, chiefly valued for their individuality of colouring; and finally the Hungarian ash, full of life and variety, its grain almost

like water waves, and susceptible of receiving a polish nearly as high and beautiful as satinwood or mahogany.

Mahogany is of many kinds and while nothing quite equals the old San Domingo mahogany, that brought from Cuba and the best in the market to-day, is very good. Curiously enough, the variety known as "white mahogany" is a brilliant, glowing red and takes a high polish. It is better, perhaps, for occasional odd pieces than for more general and extended use. What is sold as Mexican mahogany is really a kind of cedar and is very soft. Cherry, often masquerading as mahogany, is crude in colour, but hard and firm in texture and frequently handsome in grain.

But whatever the colour is, that it must remain, beautified only by bringing out to the highest degree its own excellencies and not depending upon stains of any description. Though not in her own practice using a filler in accomplishing the end always in view, the enhancing of the natural charm of the wood to be worked, Miss Hall does not entirely condemn its use. She prefers, however, the old-fashioned English method of polishing, and to this she has worked back in her study of the best results attainable. The method is simple and resolves itself largely into constant rubbing, over and over again, with the hand, with a soft cloth and sometimes with exceedingly fine sandpaper. With three or four zero paper there is no danger of scratching, and the minute particles of wood-dust rubbed continuously into the interstices of the grain form a natural filler. Further rubbing with the hand until the wood-dust has been perfectly worked into the grain, and final polishing with a cloth complete the process, which may be repeated indefinitely.

Shellac she seldom employs, partly because of the difficulty in getting it pure and even of getting the gum. In

France artists can easily procure this gum and prepare their own shellac, which is free from the objectionable features of the commercial article. When the pure shellac is used, a thin coating is put on the wood and then thoroughly rubbed down with pumice and oil, serving mainly to bring out more fully the colour of the wood, while the ordinary shellac as generally used alters to some extent the natural colour.

Some attractive examples of mahogany inlaid with fine lines and bands of brass show what charming decorative effects may be produced, but here the thorough craftsman in Miss Hall over-rides the artist and she declares that except in occasional cases where rivets can be used to strengthen the construction there is always ahead of the worker the danger of the springing apart of the two materials. They cannot be homogeneous in character and atmospheric conditions which affect the wood leave the metal unchanged. Wood really never dies, it "squirms" long after it seems to be thoroughly dry and seasoned. This fact was illustrated rather disastrously when a piece of birch from the old frigate *Constitution* was planed off on one side only in preparation for its use and left twenty-four hours, when it was found warped and curved quite beyond the possibility of restoration. If it had been planed on both sides it would have remained flat and manageable. The need of equable treatment for two sides of a board also make it desirable, if it is to be subjected to marked changes of temperature, to place it where air will circulate freely around it.

The idiosyncrasies of woods are endless and give to their manipulation that element of surprise and experiment, and of happy discovery that takes the craft of the woodworker out of the trades and into the ampler regions of the arts.

A. M. J.

A most enlightening article on *The Decorative Sentiment in the Salons of 1906* appeared in the June number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The author discusses the tendency of the modern artist to produce purely decorative effects and of the modern critic to find in these a cloak for any deficiency in other directions. He finds, however, the healthiest and most distinguished decorative sentiment in the exhibits of applied art. But he adds to his praise this qualifying comment which corresponds to the impression produced by the exhibitions in America:

"We have only the crumbs of a decorative art, only the details, the finishing touches. We have not yet the foundations making them useful and desirable. It is the sign of our times, in art as in other more pressing things of life, that we attend first to details, to trivial ornaments, without care for what holds everything together and gives it permanence. The decorative art movement has commenced with vases for the cabinets, with rings for the finger. This is perhaps the first step toward founding a house, a hearthstone, but it is not the hearthstone itself. Here in truth, are the last refinements of adornment for a dwelling: Morris tapestries, Gallé glass, Chaplet porcelains, Thesmar or Dammouse enamels. Everything is ready for the embellishment of the modern house. It only remains to build it."

The under world is still furnishing treasures by which to judge our modern efforts. Mr. David Hogarth, who is doing for Ephesus what had already been done for Crete, is back in England and will soon publish the results of the recent and deeper excavations of the temple of Diana, which were very rewarding.

Book Reviews

(Le Rire et La Caricature: Paul Gaultier. Preface par M. Sully Prudhomme. Paris. Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1906.)

The writer of this very suggestive little volume analyses his subject after the orderly French fashion, with the purpose of penetrating to its reasons and causes.

He begins by calling the attention of his readers to the fact that caricature is essentially an art of ugliness designed to show the unbeautiful and undignified side of human nature and human life either through a magnifying glass or by means of artistic statement so profound and so precise that exaggeration could only lessen the force of the effect. "Yet caricature makes us laugh!" the author exclaims, and proceeds slowly to unfold the theory of our laughter with a ratiocination so logical and full that a summary of his conclusions could hardly do them justice. He passes from the crude exaggeration by which a Breughel-le-Vieux moves us to monstrous but irrepressible laughter, through the research of psychological expression which demands a more delicate mind and a more realistic method of design, a phase of which Daumier and Hogarth were masters, to the bitter curiosity and criticism of the soul by which Gavarni and Forain express their discernment of vision, their irony of temper and their pessimism.

The pages on Daumier are the most interesting, perhaps for the simple reason that he was the greatest artist, and worked from the richest intellectual store. M. Gaultier is alive to his superb qualities, to his tenderness and scorn in realizing the commonplace, to his mastery of shadow and light, to his

nervous force of line, to his perspicacity in that broad region of self-satisfaction where dwells the bourgeois nature, to the splendour of his aesthetic ideal and the adequacy of his insight into human frailty.

ART BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

DAY, LEWIS F.: Alphabets, Old and New, For the Use of Craftsmen, With an Introductory Essay on "Art in the Alphabet." 12mo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons\$1.25 net

McKAY, WILLIAM D.: The Scottish School of Painting. 8vo. New York. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.....\$2.00 net

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES, 1906: Illustrating the Hundred and Thirty-eighth Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Folio. New York. Cassell & Co.

ARMSTRONG, SIR WALTER: Thomas Gainsborough (New Edition.) 16mo. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co...75 cents

REMBRANDT: A MEMORIAL: Seventy Plates in Colour. With a Study of the Master's Work by Emile Michel, Member of the Institute of France. Large Quarto. New York: John Lane Company.....\$10.00 net, express extra

Notes

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF CRAFTSMEN

The recently organized National Society of Craftsmen announces a National Exhibition of the Handicrafts to be held in New York City in December next, from the 3d to the 15th inclusive.

The Society invites the Craftsmen of the United States to send the best examples of their work, and in return, promises to afford them an unprecedented opportunity for exhibition and sale. The circular also states that the Society has secured the active co-operation of the National Arts Club, an organization having a large membership among workers and amateurs in all parts of the United States. A special Jury system, for the consideration of objects of art submitted for exhibition has been arranged, which will do much to give confidence to exhibitors, to assure patrons of the quality of the work which they may purchase, and to create a better, higher and broader standard than has hitherto been general. Every article, to be accepted, must be signed by its maker or makers, and must incorporate elements of service and beauty.

The National Society of Craftsmen is preparing a National directory of Craftsmen of the United States and invites every craftworker to send in his name, address, and statement of the special branch of work with which he is indented. The Directory will be published in time for the opening of this Exhibition.

In order that the exhibition may truly deserve the name of National, special efforts will be made to secure exhibits from every craft centre in the country, and any communications addressed to the National Society of Craftsmen, 37 and 39 West 34th Street, New York City, will have prompt attention.

Mr. Macbeth has added to the exhibits in his new gallery a frame of four oil sketches by Thomas Cole which that artist made for his famous *Voyage of Life* painted in 1840 (eight years before his death) for Samuel Ward. He received for the series six thousand dollars, which was not a bad price as early American prices went. Each picture measured four feet three inches by six feet six inches. These sketches measure respectively eleven and a half by thirteen and a half inches, and on this scale the real power of the composition is felt. A fine Copley is also in the same gallery: a portrait of Master William Holme, animated in expression and full of the naif drawing and vivid colour which make Copley a cheerful master among his sombre contemporaries. It shows also the aristocratic composure and satisfaction with environment that place the portraits of that early time on a more serene level than the portraits of the present day often attain.

At a recent sale of old prints in Leipsic Rembrandt's *Landscape with the Three Huts* brought two thousand, two hundred dollars, his *St. Jerome in a Rocky Landscape*, seventeen hundred and seventy-five dollars; his *Clement de Jonghe*, sixteen hundred dollars; his *Landscape with Tower*, fifteen hundred and twenty-five dollars; his *Christ Teaching*, one thousand and twenty-seven and a half dollars; his *Holy Francis*, eight hundred and eighty-seven dollars and a half, and his *Descent from the Cross by Torchlight*, two hundred and fifty dollars.

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